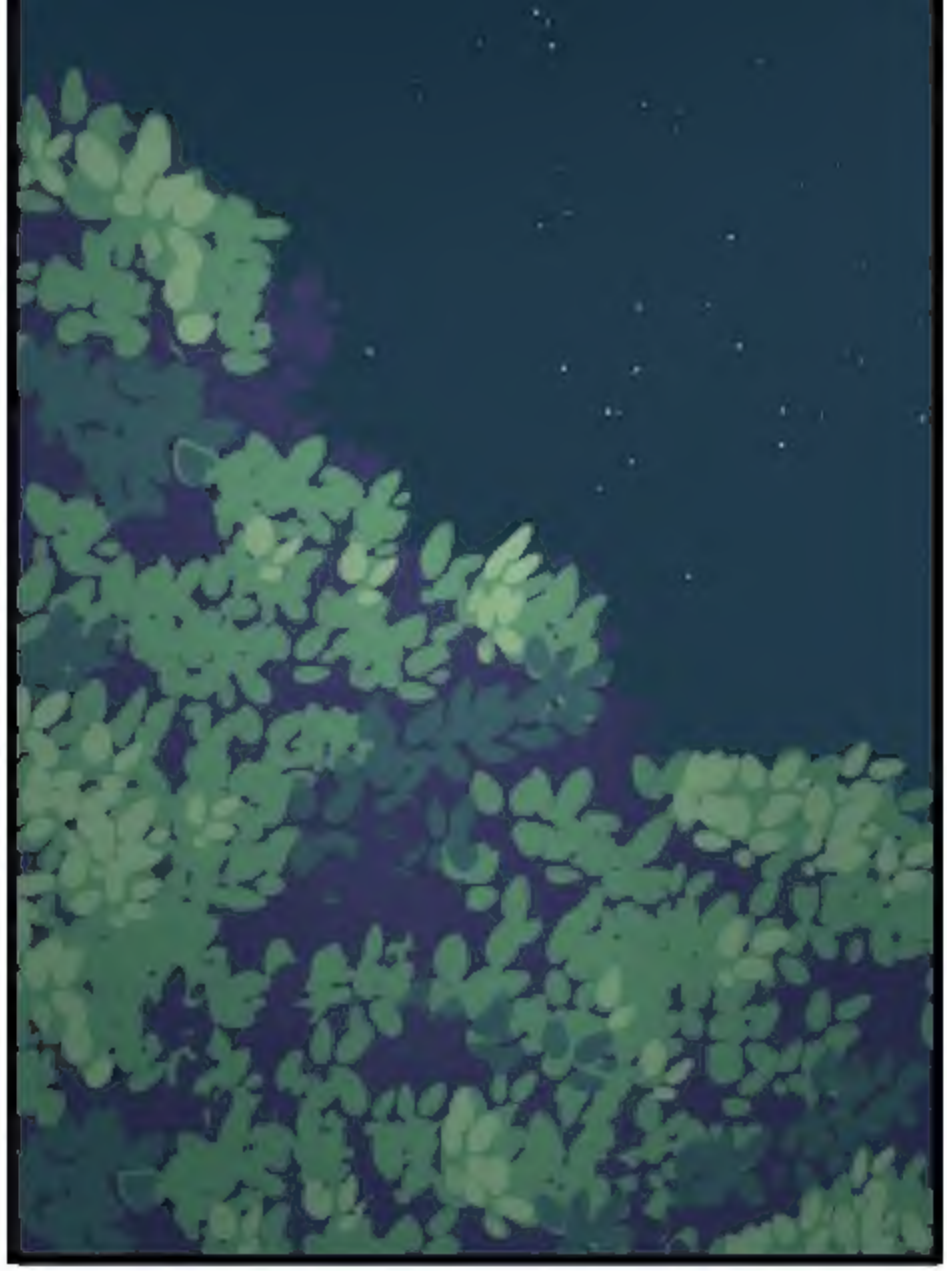
WHAT A WEEK...

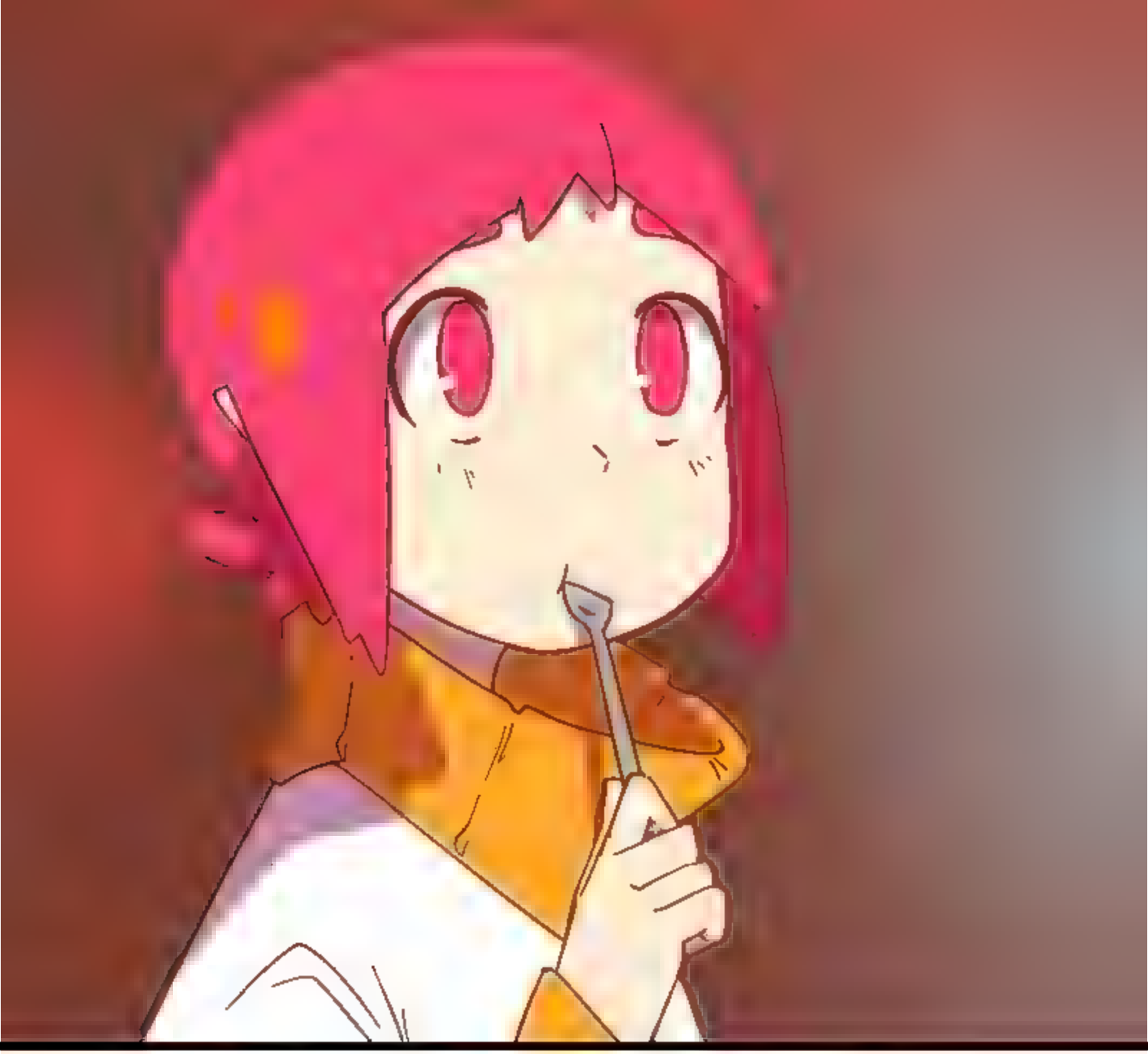
PLEASE LET IT END ALREADY.



Guadalupe
Restaurant

WELCOME BACK, YOUNG

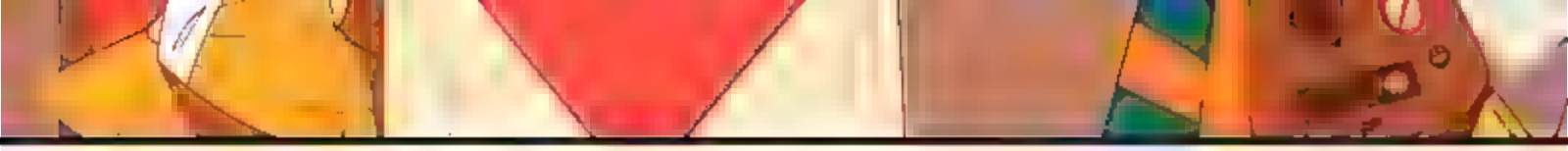
LAMBERT!
HOOP!



WAIT.
WHERE'S
LUPE?

SHE JUST TOOK A BUS TO PASO GARÙA.
SHE SAID SHE WAS GOING TO LOOK FOR LINA IN THE CITY.

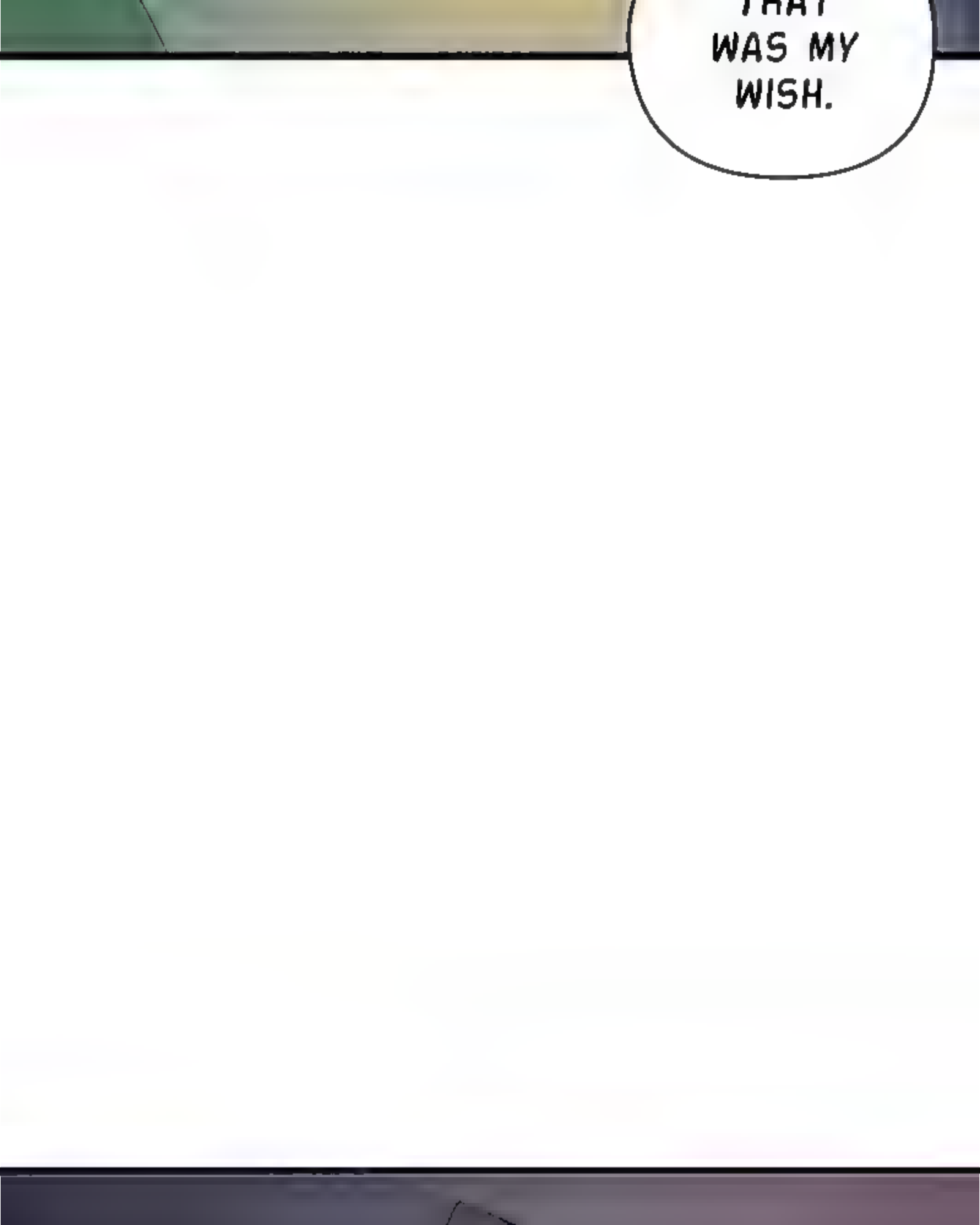
WHAT!?
AT THIS HOUR?
OH, COME ON!

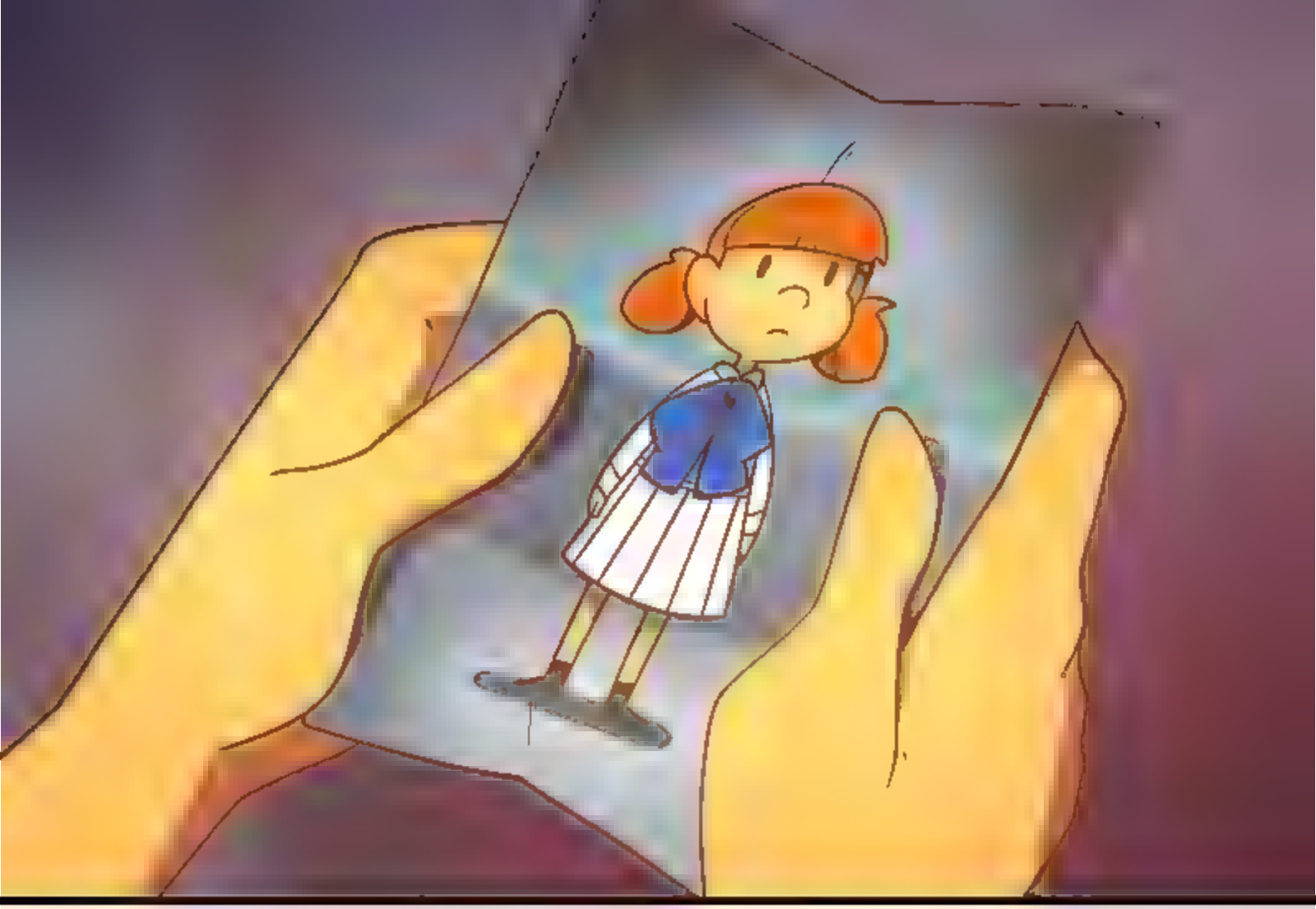


Wroom~

REMEMBER I TOLD YOU I WENT TO SEE THE LADY LAST SUNDAY?

WELL...

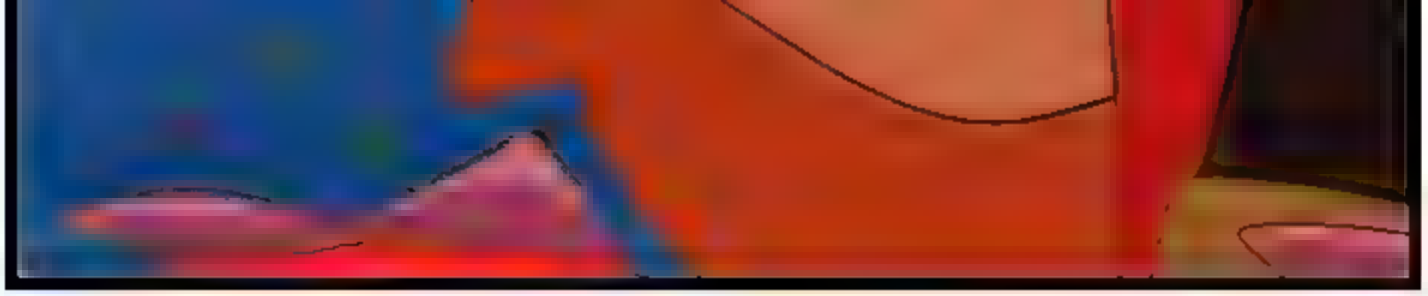

THAT
WAS MY
WISH.



IT'S BEEN

THE SAME WISH FOR SIXTEEN YEARS.

TO KNOW HOW SHE'S DOING.

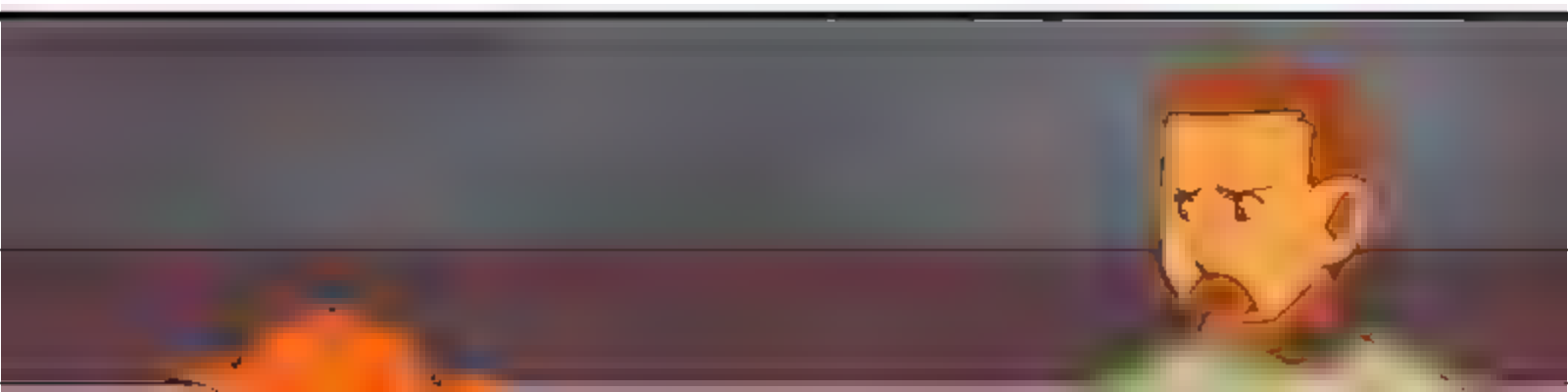


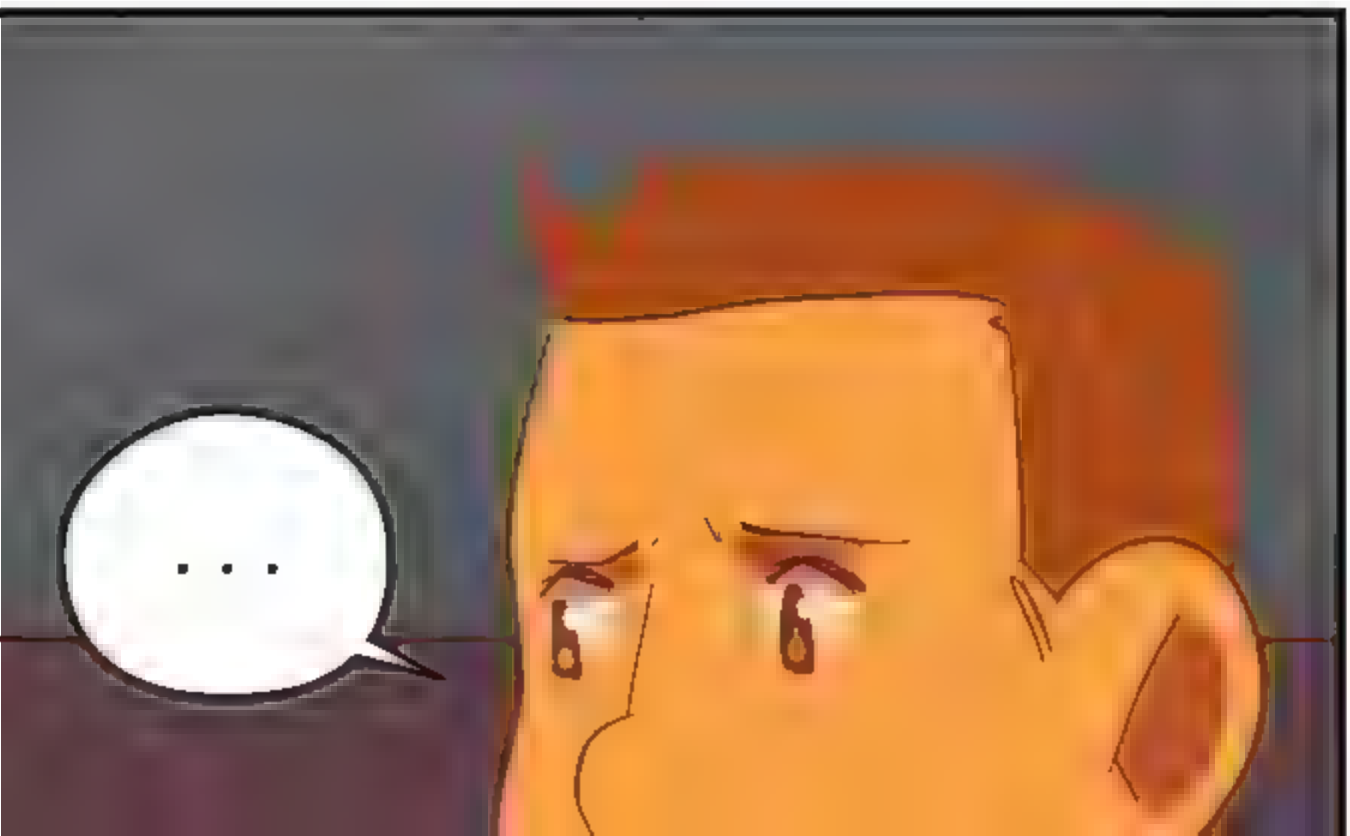
MY
DAUGHTER.

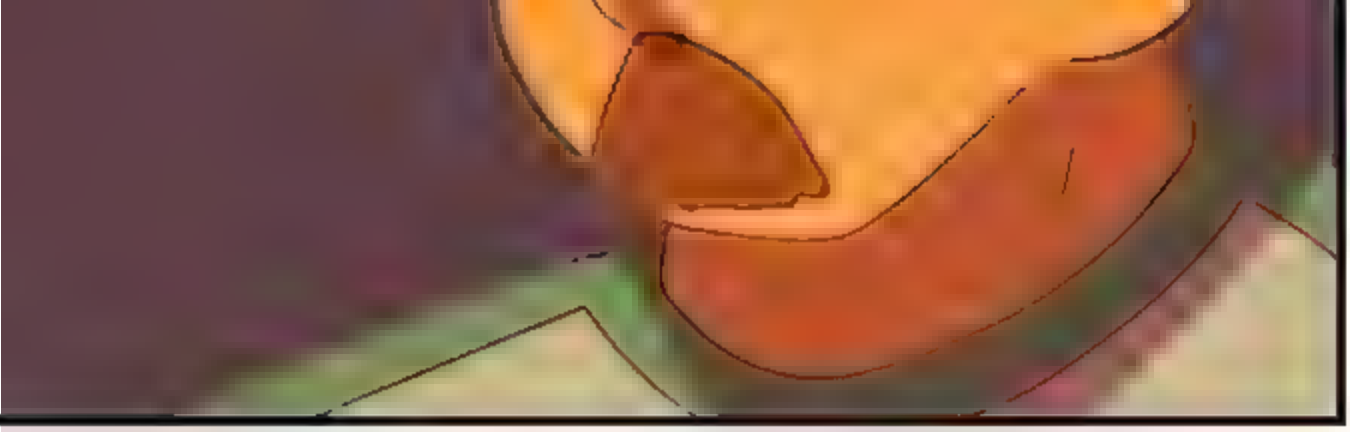
THE LADY TELLS ME THINGS ABOUT HER-

ABOUT YOU.

AND SOMETIMES A PICTURE APPEARS BY MY FIREPLACE.





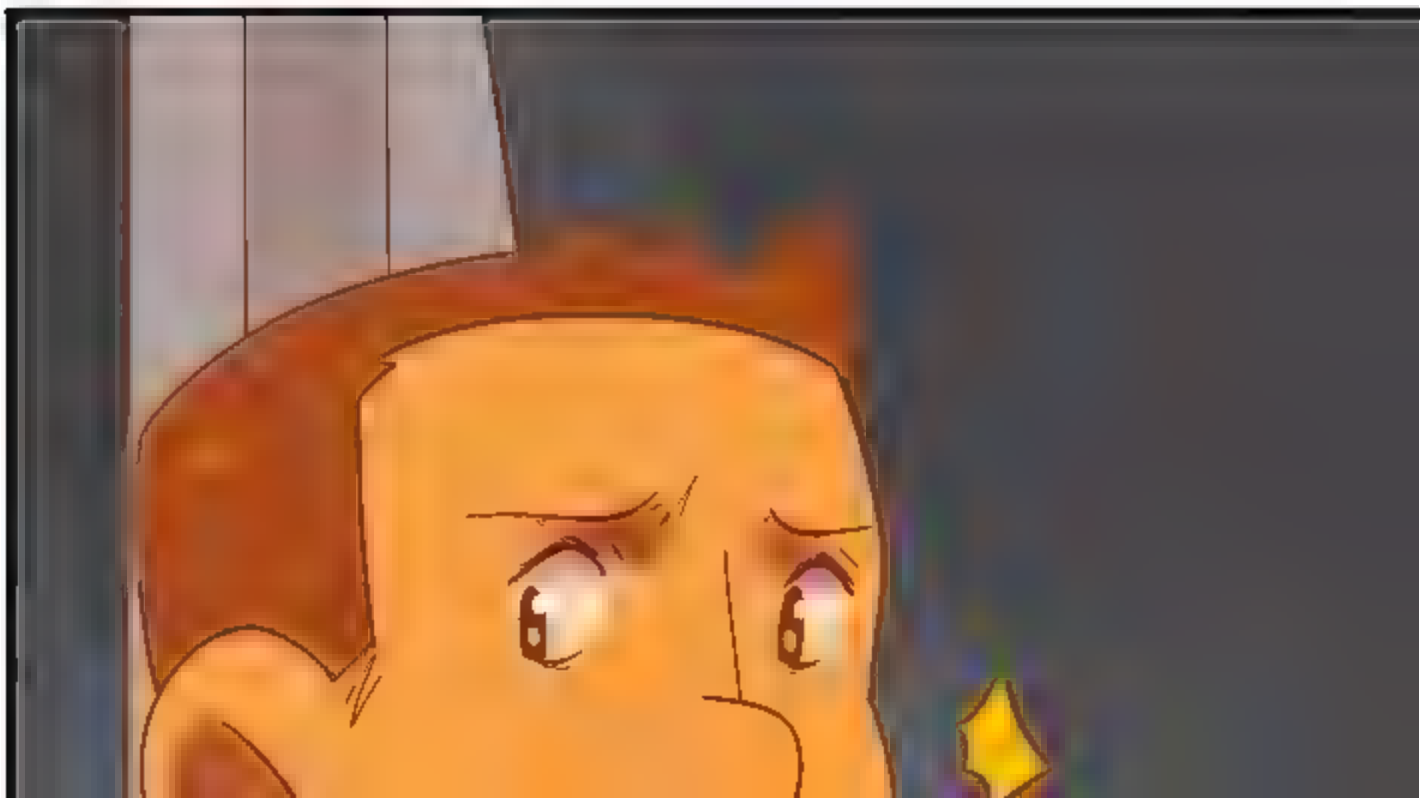


WHAT WERE YOU THINKING, LEAVING AT THIS HOUR?

SHUT UP...

YOU'RE TELLING ME...
ALL THIS TIME YOU'VE-

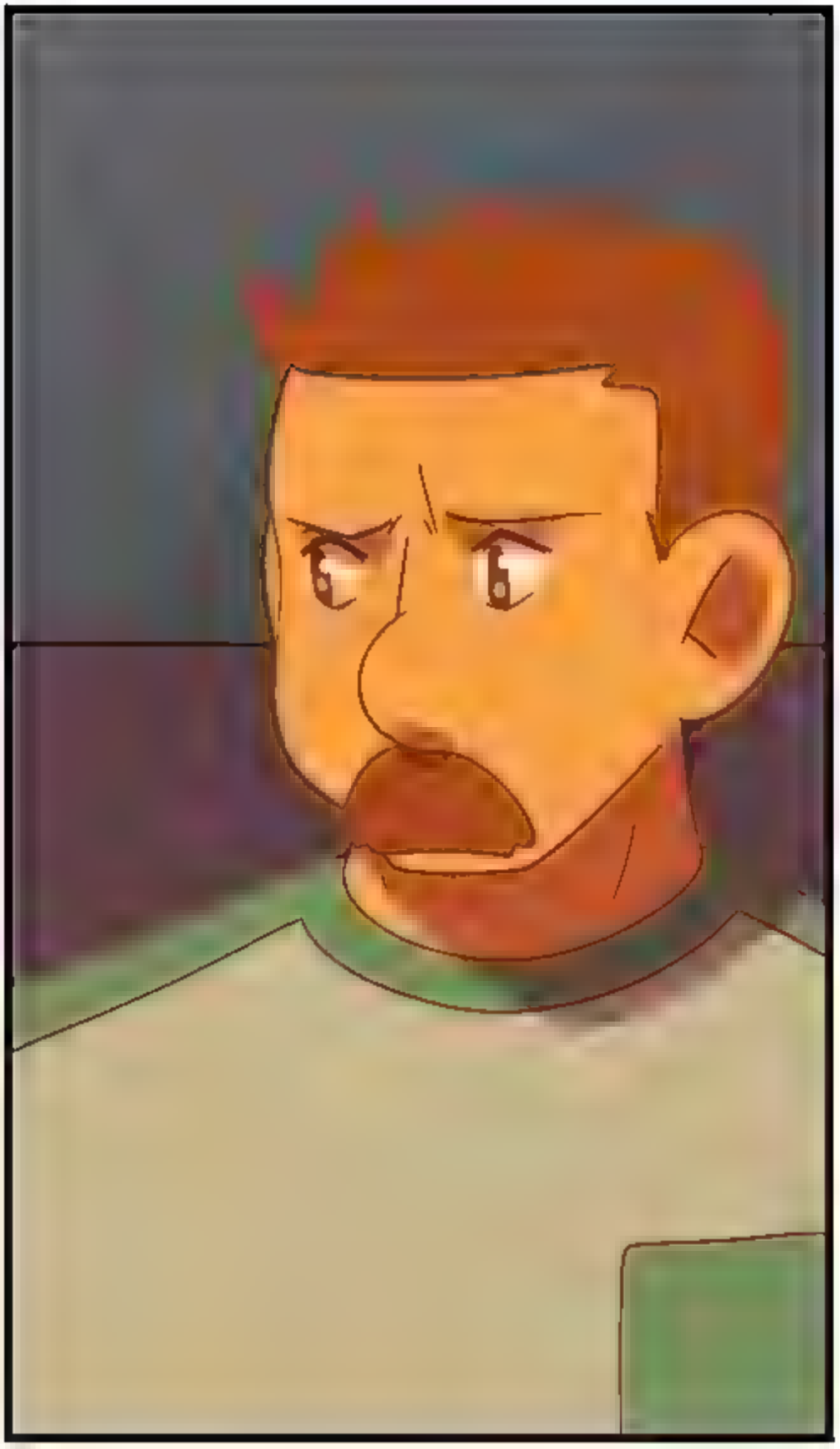
-AND YOU WERE GOING TO LET ME GO BACK JUST LIKE THAT?



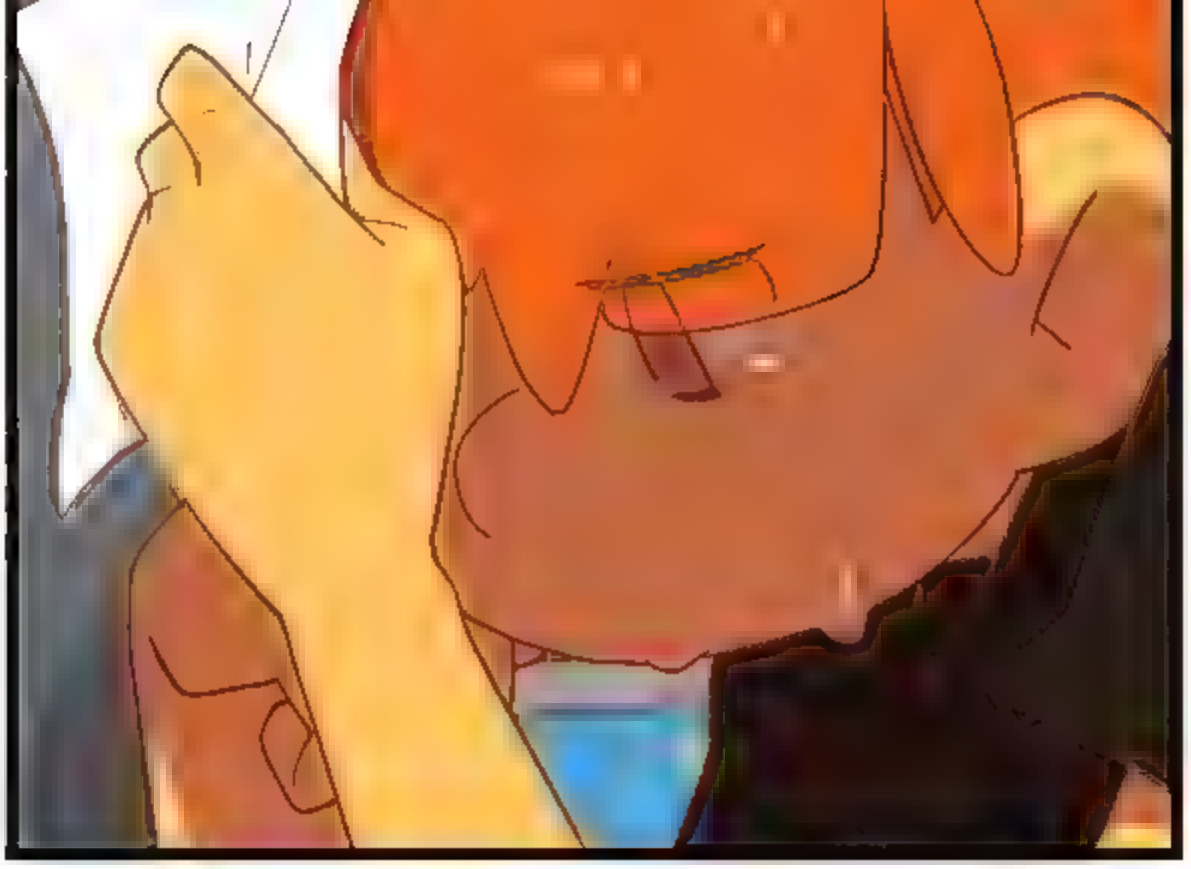
WHILE I'M HERE QUESTIONING WHAT IS REAL...

NO, NO NO...

THIS IS DEFINITELY A DREAM.



IT'S
NOT.



WOULD

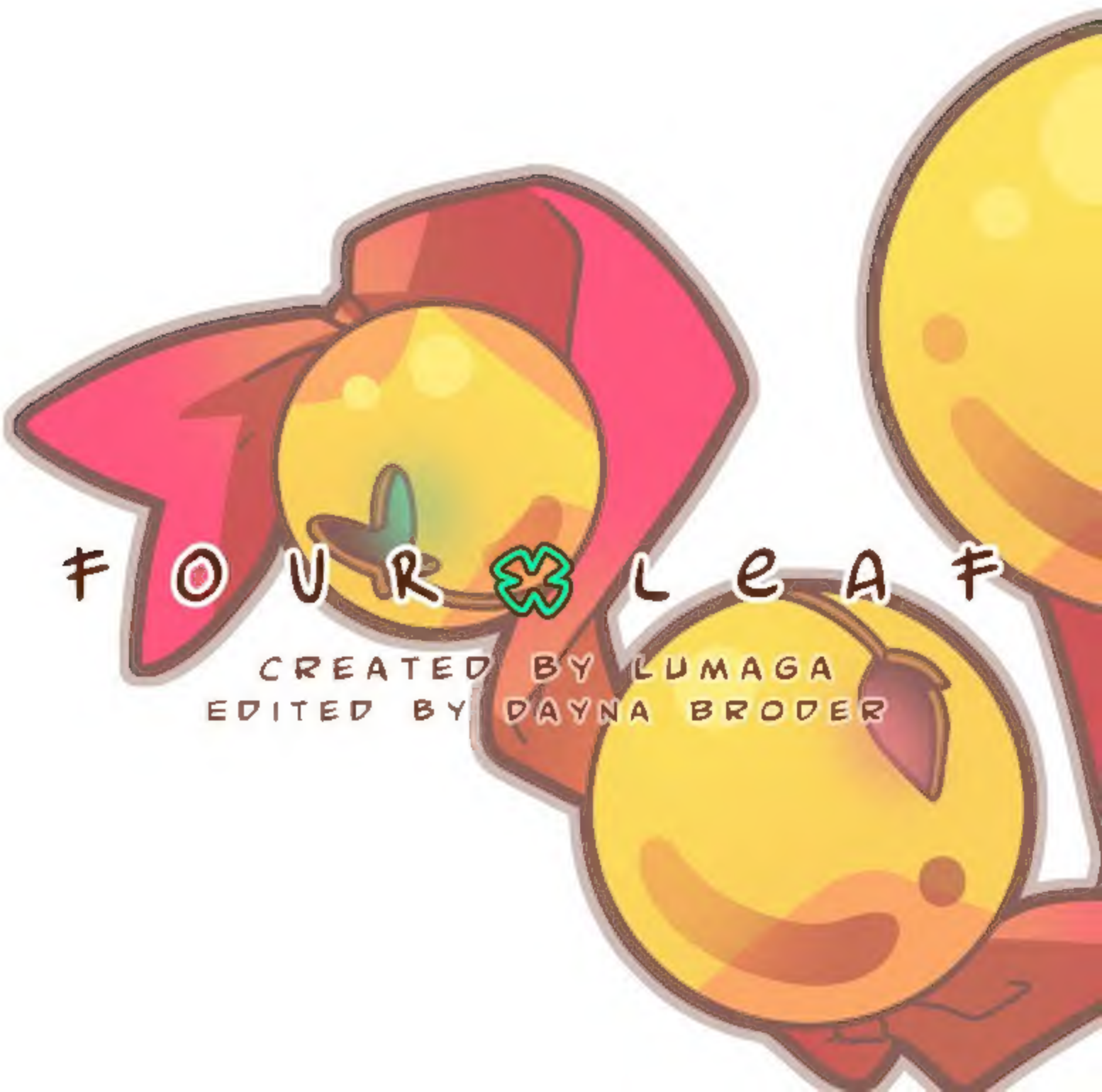
WOULD YOU TELL ME WHAT IS GOING ON?
EVERYTHING, PLEASE.

YOU WILL THINK IT'S CRAZY TALK.

WHAT?
THAT I COME FROM ANOTHER WORLD?
I DON'T THINK IT CAN GET CRAZIER THAN THAT

THAT.

MAYBE
A LITTLE
BIT.



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